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THE QUEEN:

A Pindarick ODE.

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Phœbus *volentem prælia me loqui,*
Victas & Urbes, increpuit, Lyrâ:
Ne parva Tyrrhenum per Æquor
Vela darem —— Hor.

By Mr. *CHA. JOHNSON.*

LONDON:

Printed for *Nicholas Cox*, at the *Golden Bible* without *Temple-Barr.* 1705.

THE

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By Mr. CHA. JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for Robert Dodsley, at the Queen's Arms without Temple-Bar. 1737.

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THE QUEEN:

A Pindarick ODE.

TOUCH, my Muſe, thy jarring String,
In joyful Lays addreſs to ſing;
Britannia's Empreſs be the mighty Theme,
To *Anna* ever Sacred, and to Fame:
When lo the Goddeſs ask'd her Father's Aid,
And thus in moving Eloquence Eſſay'd;
Auſpicious *Phœbus*, thou my Breaſt inſpire,
Inform it with thy never dying Fire:
Gently let all my Numbers glide along,
Like *Anna*'s Silver *Thames*, ſmooth, deep, and ſtrong,
Immortal is my Theme, Immortal be my Song.

Aid me eternal Sire,
And where the flagging Poesie,
For want of Force or Heat, wou'd die,
end me a Beam of thy own Sacred Fire.
ay then, *Old Time*, — from whose prolifick Womb
ll Nature does in wond'rous Order come.
Great First-born of Eternity,
eroes and Demi-gods derive their Birth from thee:
And Tyranny and Faction too,
o thee their monst'rous Births and Rip'ning owe.
Heroes beyond thy Rage's Power,
ecorded live, nor can thy Teeth devour,
But must survive;
v'n then, when you must sinking loose your Name,
n that vast boundless Depth, from whence you came.

To distant Nations then declare,
et utmost *Thule* the glad Accents hear;
et your miraculous *Æra's* never knew.
Your *Chronicles* can no where shew;
ho' all your boasted Heroins you tell,
till *Albion's* Queen does all her Sex excel.
he dawning Beams that guilt her blooming Days,
oretold the Lustre of her Noon-tide Rays.

Early

Early Piety and Truth
Conſpicuouſly adorn'd her tender Youth;
Her exemplary Zeal,
A Vitious Court reform'd;
There 'twas ill Manners to do ill,
And baniſh'd Vertue chearfully return'd.
Unſully'd with a Crime, her God-like Mind
To Charity and Clemency inclin'd:
Ill-ſpent, and idle too, ſhe thought that Hour,
In which her bounteous Hand reliev'd no Poor.
Her Alms, as timely Rain from Heaven
To thirſty Earth, is duly given
When all Endeavours for Returns are vain,
We Praiſe or Duty only pay again:
So from high Rocks ſweet Waters flow,
And with cool Streams, refreſh the Vales below:
The Vales and Glades beneath,
In Aromatick Fumes, their grateful Praiſes breathe.

Here then, *Old Time*, from this Foundation date,
The preſent Bleſſing of the Church and State:
For where the Prince thus Heavenly Good,
By vertuous Laws aſſerts his Reign,
Rebellion, Treaſons, Factions Brood,
And Hell it ſelf conſpire in vain.

Say,

Say, how Triumphant Fame
Did to the *Europæan* World proclaim:
On gilded Wings, thro' Earth and Air,
With Pride and Joy, did the gay Goddeſs bear:
Anna's Immortal Name,
As o'r fair *Denmark*'s lofty Tow'rs ſhe flew,
Her glorious Call the Heroe knew;
A pleaſing, but unknown Deſire,
Warm'd his great Heart with Sympathetick Fire:
As yet the Royal Youth inur'd to War
And Victory, did every Danger dare;
Nor e'r believ'd that he ſhould prove
So ſoon a Captive, and to *Love*.
But Vertuous Souls, Divinely Good and Great,
Are ſurely join'd by unſeen Chains of Fate;
Like ſweeteſt Inſtruments, when wound
To equal heights, harmoniouſly they ſound:
Nor jarring Diſcord wounds the Air,
'Tis Melody Divine we hear;
No diſagreeing String offends the niceſt Ear.

From *Denmark*'s Court the Princely Suitor came;
The Royal Maid confeſs'd a mutual Flame;
A Flame to which *Old Time* freſh Vigour gives,
And ſeems the Oil, on which it feeds and lives.

Say,

Say, Hoary *Chronicler*, can'ſt thou
A more endearing Couple ſhow?
Love is no ſooner ſeen, but gone;
A viſionary gliding Ghoſt alone.
Here happy *Hymen*, like chaſt *Veſta*'s Flame,
For ever Sacred is, *and ſtill the ſame*,
Burns in its Chryſtal Lamp, nor can the Day
With his Meridian Beams, the laſting Fire decay.

What, might thy Grand-ſon, great Poſterity
Expect (Oh! Happy *Time*) from ſuch a Pair to ſee?
The Noble Progreſs was begun,
The Golden Years went rouling on.
Youthful *Marcellus* was,
Ah! can we only ſay?
He was —— a Prince whom ev'ry Grace
Adorn'd, fair as the riſing God of Day.
Behold yon Conſtellation there,
That Brightens, with young Light, the Hemiſphere
Snatch'd early hence, to be a Star.
Indulgent Heaven
Had too profuſely Bleſſings to us given;
Therefore reſum'd the half, nor wou'd beſtow,
At once, the Son and Mother too:

ut let us leave the mournful Theme,
he melancholly *Thought* wou'd damp the Muſes (Flame.

Onwards, my daring Muſe, aſpire
With *Pindar*'s Rage, and *Pindar*'s Fire;
With an unbounded Looſe, give way,
And ſpur thy Head-ſtrong Courſer on;
Out-ſtrip the flying God of Day,
And diſtance with thy Speed, the Sun.
She views the awful God of War,
holds the glorious Proſpect from afar:
She ſees *Germanick Marlbro'* there;
What can ſtop her wild Career!
hold Great *Anna* now, call'd to a Throne,
o her fam'd Anceſtors Imperial Crown!
he joyful People willingly obey;
ith joint Conſent, they own her rightful Sway;
Nor does the Royal Ermin give
A greater Luſtre, than from her receive.
o haughty Pride ſwells in her Heav'nly Breaſt;
o Arbitrary Brow is ſeen *Britannia* to oppreſs;
But all is there
umble, Serene, and Good, as kneeling Angels are.

Fixt

Fixt as the Poles above,
Her Soul does on its own firm *Baſis* move:
Conſtant to it ſelf, her Mind
To no capricious Change inclin'd;
Studious alone *her Country* to defend,
T' adore her God, and love her valu'd Friend.

Long had th' inſulting *Gallick* Monarch reign'd,
His Luſt of Power and Blood ſtill unreſtrain'd:
The Tyrant now, by Fraud, had added *Spain*,
And all the Gold beyond the *Weſtern* Main:
New violated Leagues had given new Wealth,
And what he loſt by Force, he got by Stealth;
With Inſolence unknown,
His Vice-Roy nam'd to *Brittain*'s Throne:
No bounds his wild Ambition knew,
Barriers of Faith contemptuouſly o'rethrew.
Vertue then, an honeſt Cauſe,
And Force, muſt give the Tyrant Laws:
Half raviſh'd *Europe* rear'd her drooping Head,
And to the *Britiſh* Lions, call'd for Aid.

Say, Goddeſs, how Great *Anna*'s Sacred Power
Did to fair *Europe* Liberty reſtore,

And curb'd this vaſt *Leviathan*,
That ſwell'd and tumbl'd o're the Main:
Near him, there rowl'd a rough unquiet Sea,
While with Tyrannick Pride,
His monſt'rous Bulk he Deify'd,
Inforcing all the Deep his Laws t' obey:
Thus did he rule, and with impetuous Sway,
Like a vaſt Deluge, ſwept all that oppos'd his Way.
But Heaven in Mercy, and to prove alone,
That Piety and Juſtice guard a Throne,
Commanded him his Glories to ſurvive,
And even the Terror of his Name Out-live.
The Great Deſtroyer now,
Does to Female Vertue owe
His everlaſting Overthrow.
So ſome tall Pine, whoſe lofty Head, o'
Aſpiring to the Gods,
Is hid in Clouds;
While or'e the ſpacious Grove his Branches ſpread,
His Root ſucks all the Nouriſhment around,
And barren leaves the Shrubs and neighb'ring Ground:
When lo vindictive Thunder from above,
Slung by the Great unerring Hand of *Jove*,
Rives

Rives his firm Trunk, and lays his Glories waſte,
His verdant Leaves blew Lightning's Blaſt;
And the tall Monarch Tree, that ſtood
But late the Terror of the Wood,
Ev'ry Shrub, and Myrtle now
Deſpiſing, mock his Overthrow.

Welcome, returning *Liberty*,
Hail, mighty Goddeſs, 'tis for thee:
For thee alone Great *Anna* draws the Sword,
And bids her *Captains* Conquer in that Word.
Her End alone of Arms and Power,
Is ſick'ning Freedom to reſtore;
To ſettle laſting Happineſs,
And give the jarring World a ſolid Peace
So the learn'd Artiſt breathes a turgid Vein,
The fiery Ferment to reſtrain;
And looſing only the ſuperfluous Blood,
Cools and repels the hot rebellious Flood.
Britannia's Empreſs, like the God of Day,
Rules with a regular well-order'd Sway:
The Happy People her kind Influence taſte,
And 'midſt the Spoils of War, in Plenty Feaſt;
While rich *Bavaria*, and it's perjur'd Lord,
Have felt the angry Victor's vengeful Sword.

Faithleſs *Bavaria*, and proud *Louis* too,
Like fiery Meteors, for a while they glow;
With lawleſs Fires they all confound,
And ſcare the trembling Nations round:
But ſtraight the humid Exhalations die,
And in ſulphurious Fumes the hairy Comets fly.

The Muſe now ſails to *Belgick* Shores,
Belgia, *Brittain*'s Aid implores;
Inſulting Armies round her ſtood,
Nor cou'd her Mounds or Towers oppoſe the Flood.
Unknowing whether this proud Foe t' obey,
Or her yet milder Enemy, the *Sea*.
Anna gave the Hero Power,
Bid him the injur'd Nation's Peace reſtore:
She commiſſion'd him, like Fate,
To deal ſtern Death around, and ſave the ſinking State.
Churchill, the Great Victorious Name,
Belov'd by Gods, and dear to Fame;
Sacred to Poſterity,
Be his immortal Memory,
As ancient learned *Greece*,
Bid *Caſtor*, and the mightier *Hercules*,
Inroll among her Houſe-hold Gods,
To the glad Vote aſſenting *Brittain* nods.

Be

Be it then ſo, ſhe ſaid,
With Wreaths of Laurel bind his Head,
Who has retriev'd my ancient Fame,
And by ſtupendous *Merit*, Eterniz'd my Name.

Liege, *Limbourg*, *Bon*, thoſe mighty Towers,
His conq'ring Army wou'd reſtrain;
It muſt be more than Human Force,
Mountains and Rivers too conſpire in vain.
The *Rhine* beheld with wond'ring Fear,
Brittain's hardy Sons appear;
Eldeſt Sons of Fame and War,
They're ſcarcely by their valiant Leaders held,
When they at diſtance view the Martial Field;
A Glorious Heat warms ev'ry Heart,
And does Heroick Fire, to coldeſt Breaſts impart:
But when they ſee the numerous Foe,
No Limit, no Reſtraint they know:
But like a Deluge, ſwell and over-flow;
So the ſwift Courſer, we with Eaſe reſtrain,
'Till his bold Rival treads the duſty Plain:
But then, no artful Rein, no ſtrenuous Hand,
Can his impetuous Courſe command;
Swiftly he ſtretches on, out-flies the Wind,
And leaves the lagging, *panting* Air behind.

Tho' Seas of Fire the Warrior do ſurround,
And dire, promiſcuous Fate does all confound,
The mighty Heroe preſſes thro' the Flame,
Secure of Victory and Fame,
While *Burgundy* at diſtance view'd the Scene,
Saw Rocks, and Flames, and Fate, oppoſe in vain;
Nor wou'd the cautious Soldier raſhly dare
To tempt that Courage he beheld from far;
He ſaw th' Embattl'd Troops ſtill urging on,
With fierce amazing Valour ſtorm the Town;
While th' affrighted Enemy,
Strook with unknown Terrors, fly;
So *Boreas* o'er the rough *Ægean* roars,
And drives the flying Waves to diſtant Shores.

Whether wou'd the Goddeſs fly?
Purſue thy Theme, my Muſe, and die:
Unequal is thy Strength, too weak thy Wing,
Anna's Victorious Arms to ſing;
And thou muſt looſe thy feeble Sight,
Blinded with Floods of radiant Light;
The Scenes to come, appear ſo wond'rous Great,
Homer cou'd ſcarcely mount the ſteepy Height:
Thy *narrow* Sight can hardly bear
The glorious dreadful Proſpect of the War.

This

This Subject will make Bankrupt all the Store,
Whatever learned Poets ſung before;
And when we *Churchill* tell, and *Danub*'s Flood,
Crimſon'd o'er with *Gallick* Blood,
Pelides Arms, and *Xanthus* Streams
Appear like Rivulets to Silver *Thames*:
The Hero's Acts, the Hero's Fame,
Tranſcend the weaker Power of Verſe,
Tranſcend the Poet's Fancy to rehearſe,
Hyperbole in *Truth*, has loſt its Name.

In vain, alaſs! wou'd I adviſe,
The Muſe is proud to fall a Sacrifice;
And tho' by her the Hero can't ſurvive,
She will her grateful Praiſes give;
And tho' by her the Soldier's Name
Do not receive a deathleſs Fame;
Yet by the Hero, ſhe may hope to be
From Envy, and Oblivion free.

Sing then, how from the Silver *Eaſt*,
To the Golden Gloomy *Weſt*,
Brittain's Triumphant Fleets now ride
The Ocean's Lord, the Ocean's Pride:

Transporting *Warriors* o'er the Main,
To awe proud *France*, and check insulting *Spain*.
So *Eliza*, *Anna* so
Reigns Mistress of the Ocean now;
Old Ocean, proud of her Command,
Disdains the *Salick* Law;
And owns with Reverential Awe,
He willingly obeys a Female Hand.

Belgia relievd the joyful *Maese*,
Held on its wonted Course in Peace;
When lo the Imperial Eagle's awful Head,
By false *Bavaria*, ruin'd and betrayd;
Sinking beneath the weighty Load
Of a home-bred factious Crowd,
And closely press'd by the *Great Common Foe*,
The Empire seem'd to totter now.
In vain the brave *Eugenio* Fought,
In vain from *Latian* Fields Immortal Laurels brought.
The Branches of the Empire sworn to be
Each other's Bulwarks in Adversity,
Supinely loll'd, and with neglectful Eyes,
Beheld their groaning Country's Miseries.

Britannia's

Britannia's Queen, who never saw the Oppreſs'd,
But generous Mercy warm'd her Pious Breaſt;
She call'd her *Marlbro'*, bid him go
Redeem the Empire, check the Foe.
Eaſtward, ſaid ſhe, to ſwift *Danubius* Shores,
Lead forth my hardy *Britiſh* Powers.
Paſs the *Rhine* to *Danub*'s Flood,
And die the *Rapid* Stream with *Gallick* Blood;
And let that inconſiderate Prince now find,
(He whom no Ties of Blood, no Sacred Faith can bind,)
That his aſpiring to another's Crown,
Foretels the fatal Ruin of his own.
He burſt like Lightning from *Jove*'s awful Hand,
To execute her dread Command.
The Glorious Hero equal was
To Fight the injur'd Nation's Cauſe
In Peace, perſwaſive Eloquence,
Flow'd from his Lips with nervous Senſe:
The Senate's Pride, the Camp's Delight,
Mars and *Minerva* join'd in Fight;
Without his Paſſion, fierce *Achilles* Fire,
With Martial Heat, does his Great Soul inſpire.
To diſtant Nations his glad Troops he leads,
And unknown Earth, the *Brittiſh* Soldier treads.

In vain the tedious March fatiegues our Men,
Chear'd with the Hopes of the approaching Scene,
All their hard Toils, more than repaid, appear
Joy'd at the noble Proſpect of the War;
With jealous Eyes
France ſaw and own'd a ſtrange Surpize!
High on the *Rhine* they now appear,
The *Brittiſh* Lions waving in the Air:
At *Danow*'s ancient Banks they now arrive,
Whoſe Boſom ſixty Rivers does receive:
Sixty Rivers her obey,
And ſhe her Tribute pays to the rough *Euxine* Sea.

Bavaria bleeds with the fell Victor's Sword,
And owns in vengeful Flames, her treach'rous Lord.
A thouſand Virgin Villa's burn,
And their Rebellion do in Aſhes mourn:
Temples, whoſe Spires late ſeem'd to kiſs the Skies,
Fall a Martial Sacrafice;
While their falſe Lord, whom Walls and Mounds (ſurround,
Beheld with Rage his Country flaming round:
In vain his Walls or Mounds defend their Lord
From *Marlbro*'s ſure Victorious Sword: His

His ſtrong Intrenchments too
Maugre, reſiſting Fate they overthrow;
Fate dealt promiſcuous Death around,
And num'rous Hero's now enrich the Ground.
The obſtinate reſolving Foe
Did his utmoſt Efforts ſhow;
On either ſide none ſeem'd to fear,
And Victory did doubtful long appear:
At length our hardy Cohorts broke the Van,
Their noble Rage no Bounds reſtrain.
So jealous raging *Neptune*, when the Sea
Is, by high Mounds, robb'd of his rightful Sway;
He rouls his Billows high, and roars,
And laſhes with his foaming Surge the Shores:
To be confin'd, impatient does appear;
And waging with his Foe continu'd War,
At length o'er-ſwells, recovers all again,
And vindicates his Empire o'er the Main.

Night came, her Sable Cloud hung low,
The Victor's Fury check'd, and ſav'd the flying F
Enough, the Goddeſs ſaid, on *Bleinheim*'s Plain,
You'll Drench your bloody'd conqu'ring Sword ag

o *Augsbourgh* now the trembling Squadrons fly;
Augsbourgh, the ſtrong *Aſſylum* nigh:
here by falſe Treaties, vain Amuſements, ſtrove
o lengthen out their Fate decreed by *Jove*.
At length the Glorious Day is come,
Of Tyranny, the fatal Doom;
Nor cou'd *Pharſalian* Plains e'er ſhow
More glorious Spoils than *Bleinheim* now:
Tho' *Julius* fought, and *Pompey* fled;
ho' the World's Empire was to one decreed,
Anna, *Churchill*, *Bleinheim*'s Name,
ke that, ſhall be deliver'd down to Fame.
Old Time, with Care Record
eſe dazling Glories of the *Britiſh* Sword;
ey are by much thy deareſt, richeſt Hoard.
Tell the rip'ning Age to come,
Nor ancient *Greece*, nor valiant *Rome*;
Not *Ajax*, *Theſeus*, *Hercules*,
Æneas, Great *Themiſtocles*,
Ammon's yet more dreadful Name,
oſe wild Ambition nought cou'd tame:
Hero's paſt a bloody Day can boaſt
vely fought, or in a Cauſe ſo juſt.

Now *Tallard*'s num'rous Infantry appear,
To taſte the alternate bitter Chance of War
With *France*'s choiceſt, oldeſt Cavalry,
Unconquer'd Troops, that knew not how to fly.
Bavaria raviſh'd with the pleaſing Sight,
Secure of Conqueſt, urges to the Fight.
" Inſulting Prince! the time muſt be
" When with reflecting Shame, this Day thou'lt ſee;
" For this Day only, Curſe the rowling Year,
" And wiſh it blotted from the *Calendar*.
" Unhappy Man! elate with Pride;
" Does *Jove* and future Fate, deride
" The Golden Mean we leave,
" The Golden Mean, that never can deceive?
Now the chearful Trumpets ſound,
The Horſes Neigh, the ecchoing Hills rebound;
The Brazen Inſtruments of Death,
In Fire and Smoke, the dreadful On-ſet Breath:
Here Great *Eugenio*, with his *German* Force,
Bravely ſuſtains unequal Pow'rs,
And 'midſt the thickeſt Slaughter; here
Immortal *Marlbro'* does appear,
And ſeems the very God of War;

Here

Here he his fainting Squadrons does ſuſtain,
Thrice he renews the Charge, and thrice he ſweeps (the Plain.

Here God-like *Cutts* in Fire lives,
And 'midſt Ten thouſand Deaths ſurvives;
Ten thouſand fiery Globes fly round,
But awful Fate dares not the Hero wound.
Anna, Britannia's Empreſs, was the Word,
Her Name revives the weary'd Hero's Sword:
A numerous Army here
Surrender Priſoners of the War,
Nor cou'd again the Glorious On-ſet bear.

The dreadful Rout was now begun,
And with impetuous haſt, the flying Squadrons (run
They that full thirty Summers Camps had ſeen,
And always had Victorious been;
To ſhun the glorious Death with Shame,
They plunging dye the rapid *Danub*'s Stream:
The eager flying Troops crowd hard to have,
E'er 'tis too late, a charitable Wave.
The *Engliſh* Legions ardently preſs on,
They fly to Death, a certain Death to ſhun:

From

From ſome tall Mountain, thus a mighty Rock,
Unable to ſuſtain the Whirl-wind Shock:
From the ſteep Precipice comes ruſhing down,
The wounded Earth with the vaſt Weight does Groan
Trees, Herds, and Men, one common Ruin ſhare,
Aſtoniſh'd Nature ſhakes with unknown Fear.

Unhappy *Tallard* wav'ring ſtood
Upon the utmoſt Margin of the Flood:
All his Verdant Laurels now
Fade on her Brow;
All thoſe Immortal Glories gone,
At *Spirebach* and at *Landau* won:
He ſaw his vaſt late dreadful Hoſt
All by one fatal Battel loſt;
His Friends all Slain, his only Son,
By the dire Hand of Fate, o'erthrown;
Himſelf a Captive, —— wretched State!
Ambitious Miniſter; too late
He finds his Tyrant Maſter's Sword
As frail and brittle as his Word.
The *Roman* Eagle claps his joyful Wings,
Io Triumphe Liberty he ſings.

The *Britiſh* Lion ſhook his ſhaggy Main,
Tir'd in the hot Purſuit of Death,
Victoria roar'd, and laid him down to breathe
Upon the reeking bloody Plain.

Forward, the Muſe was preſſing on,
To tell of *Landau* taken, *Traerbach* won;
While the happy Victor now,
Follows the fatal glorious Blow;
While *Leopold*, with grateful Joy does own,
Anna the generous Hand that ſav'd his Throne:
The Muſe wou'd to *Old Time* freſh Records give,
And tell how *Anna* muſt *Old Time* ſurvive.
When lo the angry *Delphic* God,
With radiant Light, broke from a ſullen Cloud;
And thus in Rage, *Apollo* ſaid,
"In vain doſt thou invoke my Aid,
"Raſh, Inharmonious Maid.
"Yon little Skiff attempt to ſtear
Into the rough, the boundleſs Ocean there,
Thou may'ſt, and with as little Danger too,
To diſtant Worlds that trifling Cock-boat row.

"Haſt

" Haſt thou ne'er heard, never receiv'd from Fame,
" The Story of thoſe Seas,
" That fatal vaſt Abbyſs:
" That from raſh *Icarus*, derive their Name,
" Thy Folly, fond raſh Muſe, thine is the ſame:
" *Anna*'s eternal Glories to Rehearſe,
" I tell thee, is above the Power of Verſe:
" No more with thy weak worthleſs Praiſe,
" Attempt theſe Pyramids to raiſe.
" I muſt deſcend again,
" As once on fair *Arcadia*'s Plain;
" So 'tis Decreed above,
" In a full Synod, and confirm'd by *Jove*.
" I muſt Immortalize Great *Anna*'s Name,
" *Marlbro*'s Sword, and *Bleinheim*'s Fame.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAGE 21. Line 2. for *Whirlwind*, r. *Whirlwinds*. L. 10. r. *Faded on his Anxious Brow*. L. 18. f. *tious*, r. *Ambition's*.